

ORATION
BY
PROF. BRAINERD KELLOGG,

AND

P O E M

BY

MRS. J. C. R. DORR,

DELIVERED AT THE

Pioneer Centennial Celebration,



MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT.
JULY 4th, 1860.

MIDDLEBURY
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1860.

INTRODUCTORY.

In the early summer of 1853, the Middlebury Historical Society resolved that the first clearing made one hundred years ago within the limits of the town, should be commemorated, and the Fourth of July was named as a fit day for the occasion. Committees were appointed on conference with the citizens of the town, the machinery of celebration fashioned and set in motion.

Prof. B. KELLOGG, of the College, was invited as Orator, and Mrs. J. C. R. DODD, of Bethel, as Poet.

The spot chosen for the celebration was the Seeley Farm, where the first Pioneer made the first clearing and spent the most of his life. On the day chosen—the morning without a cloud, ushered in as is only that one of the three hundred and sixty-five—some two or three thousand people congregated in the edge of the grove north of Jonathan Seeley's house. In the absence of the Chairman chosen for the occasion, the Rev. Samuel Smith—President of the Middlebury Historical Society, and Historian of Middlebury—the Hon. John W. Stewart called the assembly to order. Rev. Cephas H. Kent read from the Family Bible of the original Pioneer and offered prayer. The Orator was then introduced, who pronounced an oration upon the Pioneer, John Chapman, and Mrs. Dodd's poem was read by the Chairman. After an interval for

dinner, sentiments were read, which were responded to by Henry Clark, Esq., of Pawlet, and Geo. F. Houghton, Esq., of St. Albans. Interesting letters were read from Hon. Samuel Smith, Hon. Piny H. White, President of the Vermont Historical Society, Hon. A. H. Holley of Connecticut, Hon. E. Jane, of Brandon, Hon. E. Cashman, M. D., of Orwell, and several others. Farr's Band was in attendance and discussed five reels through the day. All portions of the town were interested in the preparations, and fully represented in the audience. The occasion was one of peculiar interest to those who are interested in the early history of the town, and those who watch the dawning of civilization everywhere.

LETTER OF JUDGE SWIFT.

MANCHESTER, July 4, 1796.

Dear Sir:—From my experience of the effect of the heat on my wasting strength, for the last two days I am satisfied that I could not safely risk the fatigue, exposure and excitement of attending the interesting ceremonies of the celebration to-day at the Socley farm. This I much regret, as I shall lose the opportunity of mingling in social intercourse with many friends whom I do not often meet, and especially as I shall lose the privilege of hearing the oration of Professor Kellogg, and the poem of Mrs. Dorr. But the loss I trust, will at least be made up by the privilege of reading them in print. I was much gratified as well as grateful to the Committee of Arrangements for my appointment to the office of President of the ceremonies, and highly appreciated the approbation and confidence implied in the appointment by friends who had so long known me.

Respectfully and truly yours,
SAMUEL SWIFT.

ORATION

DEARFIELD, MI. 1888.

Pioneer Centennial Celebration,

III.

PROF. BRAINERD KELLOGG,

JULY 4th, 1888.

In that wonderfully elaborated discourse of Isocrates, his Panegyricus, wherein he vindicates for Athens as against Sparta, the hegemony—in Mr. Grote's phrase—the primacy, the leadership and the consequent leadership of the morally jealous and warring States of Greece in order that, banding them into a confederacy with Athens as chief, they might make head against the hostile invading Persian on the Continent, the Orator makes this—is as—singular claim for his City, that her people were autochthonous children of the soil, born of it, born out of it as their Mother, and had maintained the purity of such an origin unruined by immigration, unalloyed by contact with other races and other men.

In the eyes and on the tongue of Isocrates, Athens was no colony that had swarmed out from the overstocked hives of Egypt on the South, or any state of Asia on the East, bringing along with her sacred fire from the maternal altar, the mysteries and rites and Deities of the home religion, the mother language, the traditions, histories and memories that linked her to other days and another clime. She was her own beginning, and began so that renowned Acropolis and the adjoining Hill of Mars; she didn't spring out of a deposit of seeds that had dropped into her soil from a tree that had

ripened into perfection elsewhere, but undivided, holding no community of lineage with foreign nations, unrelated by birth even with neighboring cities that spoke the same Greek, she flourished all unconsciously but the soil, owned no mother but the Rock on which she was built.

Hesychides, priusque Historicus, proclaims the cause for this Queen City of Athens and therewith differs her from and makes her good, the rest of Greece.

The poetical Herodotus puts in a like plea for Arcadia, which, walled in by mountain ranges, in the very heart of the Peloponnesus kept at bay enemies and colonists alike.

This same idea of an earth-born commencement took shape in the Cadmean myth. Killing a serpent that guarded the fountain of Mars in Boeotia, Cadmus sowed its teeth and immediately there sprung up out of the earth a race of armed men who slew each other; only five survived, and these with Cadmus founded and built the aspiring city of Thebes.

Transplanted across the Adriatic, this same belief crops out in Latin history and mythology. *Asdingius Latini* the Latins called themselves, and Virgil, in the 12th Book of his *Aeneid* makes Jupiter command Jove never to change this *verbum nomen*, this ancient name. *Aberigines* is its synonym by which the primitive people, that blending with the Siculi subsequently became the Latin nation, was called. And gradually as Latin civilization emerged from the total eclipse its vagrant mythology cast over it, into the penumbra of its partially luminous philosophy and men ceased to believe in such an origin for themselves they yet ascribed it to the Titans, the Giants, their *Terrigenae*, and to some of their very Gods.

Without doubt, my Friends, just as all nations have somehow received and embraced the old Testament tradition of the Great Flood that overwhelmed the earth and of a single family that floated in safety out of it preserving the race in little, so this belief of Athens and Thebes and the Latins in a beginning for themselves that rooted in the earth, is but the Bible account of the starting of humanity in the creation of Adam out of the dust of the earth, caught up away back, from the faintings of Dumbo, appropriated, localized and

instituted as a veritable account of their own separate connoissements. To the birth and the growth of such an idea and such a claim that old isolation of nations, that exclusion of one from the converse of the other through lack of intercommunication in trade and travel, and their pride in such exclusiveness, largely contributed. When all lands the Jew were, to the Jew, hated Germans—when first to the Egyptian and then to the Greek and then to the Roman all the rest of the world were uncouth Barbarians, receiving from them, like their primitive tribes from the unintelligibility of their jargon—barbar, barbar to cultivated ones—as wretched they rejected the truth, not even yet fully accepted, of a common origin of the races, of a settlement of the world through migration and colonization:

What terrible work with some of their other cherished beliefs, what terrible work with this of an independent beginning for their cities and nations and a beginning, too, that started out of the soil, would one of our modern Historical Societies have made, especially if blessed with such a fellow as Berney was here in Middlebury, not satisfied at all with mere "surface indications," boring down, right down through the mould of family or national tradition, through the cobweb of ignorance, through the rock of prejudice, and "striking do" when he reaches the truth, be it in pedigree, or name, or any other point in the history. How mercifully that German Iconoclast Niebuhr laid about him when he looks into the field of Roman History! What legions of myths and fables and fabled heroes fill before him!—Romulus and Romus and that celebrated four-footed lupine nurse of theirs and a whole mass full of demigods with the long tale of their recorded exploits, at a single pop, exploded into thin air. Heaven sent down upon our planet, and into our times, more of these ruthless truth-tellers. When they turn over the great flat stones that coverl errors and lies and superstitions, with here and there a stray truth intermingled, there's a frightful squirming and writhing and scampering among the dark, foul inhabitants beneath, that can't bear the light, and in the evening sunsets with a wealth of productive harvest grows there.

My Friends, we are not to-day to commemorate an event that would have shocked those old Athenians, boasting an independent commencement for their city. We come together to recognise the truth—and glory in it, too, so far as it concerns ourselves and our township—that the human race is a great spreading Banyan tree. God planted the original seed and grew the first trunk. Every branch of it that shot up in vigor, with unceasing lustiest heat itself to earth again, took root, became itself a trunk, threw out branches which, in turn, sought the earth and became stems for other branches, in endless succession shoots bearing stalks and stalks sending out shoots, till the inhabited world is shaded. One of the most noteworthy facts in human history is this propagation and extension of the race through successive migrations and colonizations, the old life flowing out into the new, mothers sending out daughters, daughters becoming mothers dispatching their children, in turn, to distant localities, carrying on and on even down to our own time, this endless succession of township and state and national births. From that elevated plateau in Central Asia, I care not which way the children of Shem or of Ham may have journeyed, they have had but little to do in the world's civilization, but the children of our great ancestor, Japheth, surged westward. They planted cities and founded empires as they went, they poured their teeming life and numbers into them, they swelled them to destruction, they burst their confines, leaped the seas and straits that part Europe from Asia, scuttled the links and shores of the Mediterranean, they swarmed northward and they swarmed westward, separating into tribes and nations and races as they went; who, forgetting their common brotherhood, turned Latin upon Greek and Fin and Celts, Goth upon Latins, drivings and mighty subdivisions of men upon each other, and yet, multiplying in spite of these devastating, scrupulous wars, they filled up all, all Europe. How eagerly did Holland, and Denmark, and Spain, and Portugal, and France, and England, open their valves to give vent to their surcharged populations when our Western World dawned upon their vision. Countless colonies instantly took root on the Atlantic coast from Brazil to Newfoundland, seaboard states in turn colonizing inland—Connecticut and Massachusetts, Vermont—the East, the West—the East and West

together, the Farther West, till the Rocky Mountains are scaled, California, Washington and Oregon peopled, the circuit of the earth completed, when only the far Pacific separates our remotest colonies from Asia, the cradle, the primal starting goal of the race.

This, Ladies and Gentlemen, is our record, and we feel proud of it, disregaging though it be to say claim of freedom, or to the origin of any city or nation other than that of transplantation, colonization.

No one of my mammoth audience regrets more sincerely than does your Speaker that on this occasion of your Town's Centennial Celebration a native Middleborian doesn't occupy the stand, stand where I occupy. I am tainted, too, with what I fear is in your eyes an additional disqualification, that of not being even a native Vermonter. Though Vermont and Middlebury are mine, and I am theirs, by adoption, yet I don't find it easy, strange as it may seem to you, Vermonters, to transfer all my affection from my first love, the Empire State, to my second, the Green Mountain. I have to say this much, Ladies and Gentlemen; in revenge for your inventing and circulating, and believing, too, those poetic myths concerning the desire of New York to gobble you up once upon a time when you were only the Hampshire Grants, and concocting, too, that still more mythical "beach scabog" that old Ethan and his Boys were said to have inflicted upon some who crossed the Lake to your western shore with intent to acquire this to your soil by an impure larceny of mind. Mytically mythical I call all that sort of talk, of course, for I believe I have never heard or seen much of it, except in the first and most successful work of fiction Vermont ever perpetrated, Mr. Thompson's "Green Mountain Boys."

But, Ladies and Gentlemen, your Speaker made haste long years ago, to repair whatever damage his parents unwittingly did him in not opening his eyes first here in Vermont. He wouldn't and he didn't accept any other than a "copper-bottomed," "fire-proof," "warranted-to-last" Vermont college education, and when, in the fullness of time, he cast about him for one to share his name and his fortune (a word oddly out of place here, I grant you,) why, of course, he couldn't find her anywhere out of Ver-

ment, out of Middlebury, and as, as my friend, the aforesaid Secretary of the Historical Society, affirmed in the REGISTER some two months ago, when advertising this very occasion, he happens, by marriage, a relative of the original Pioneer, and, quoting Mr. Beecher, speaking of a similar fact in his own history, adds me to say, "I have been glad of it ever since!" Please pardon this much of personality—I promise not to offend again.

Holmes says :

" Much of all we value here,
Without the snow of an hundred years
Without its living and looking green.
In short, there's nothing that keeps the past—
be it as I have—but a poor tall truth."

Yes, there is, Sir Autocrat; you've forgotten one thing in your bill of exceptions. It rejuvenates a spot of God's earth to cut to the ground those heavy, moss-grown giants that cover it, and let in upon the soil the sunlight of Heaven. Nature, with holes in all pockets, looks in her stores, and the next year comes up to the shaggy, sylvan stampa bays the green grass and hides the rocks and the nakedness which the axe had caused.

Just one hundred years ago this summer, the very spot where we stand was cleared by the sturdy arms of the first Pioneer, John Chapman, then a youth of twenty-two. I want to consecrate him and his work, the first work of the kind done within our town. Frat, and done, as I said, when we celebrate to-day.

It isn't any wonder that Bowdoin Wentworth, Governor of the Colony of New Hampshire by the grace of God and by the appointment of His Majesty, George III., looked with covetous eyes upon this Green Mountain Ridge and the slopes that stretch down from it on either side and are halves of these richest and greatest of valleys—Connecticut and Lake Champlain. Nor is it to be wondered at that in imitation of Massachusetts and Connecticut, he should stretch his western line to the meridian that parts them from New York, and bound his Province north by Canada, east by Maine and the Atlantic, south by Massachusetts, and west by Lake Champlain. At any rate he did it—I mean he tried to do it—the difficulty being that while "Bunker was willing," Ethan Allen and his Green Mountain Boys, weren't. But, presuming upon his title, in 1781, a year after the British wrested Canada from the French, Went-

worth granted sixty charters of townships lying on both sides of the Mississina. Among these was the charter of Middlebury and those of eight other townships in the County of Addison. The charters of Salisbury, Middlebury and New Haven were granted to a party of gentlemen residing largely in Salisbury, Litchfield Co. Connecticut. John Knott, Esq., of that place penetrated to the Great Falls of Otter Creek, situated at Vergennes, and taking said Falls as the north-western corner of New Haven, he surveyed these three townships intending to make them about six miles square each, all having the Otter Creek as their western boundary. So much of Middlebury as lies west of Otter Creek, was annexed from Cornwall by act of Legislature in 1796.

These three towns were named, the southern, Salisbury from the colonizing town, the northern, New Haven from the capital of Connecticut, the one lying between, in the middle, Middlebury. Among the names of the sixty-three grantees of the township of Middlebury, that of John Chipman does not occur. Born in 1744, he was at the time of the charter a mere lad, a infant, only seventeen years of age, his father had died some years before, but I find that our Pioneer is named in a subsequent survey as original proprietor of the right of one Eliza Painter, whose name is in the charter list.

One of the provisions of said charter was that five acres for every fifty granted, should be cultivated within five years from the date of the instrument, else the grantee's or proprietor's right was null, the land reverting to the dower.

To secure his and theirs, John Chipman, with 16 other young men, left Salisbury, Conn., for Vermont in the spring of 1796, soon months before the expiration of said five years of grace. Their locomotive was a yoke of oxen, their train a two-wheeled cart, their freight axes, fanning utensils and provisions. There wasn't a house in all these Hampshire Grants, north of Manchester; the road they hewed out and built as they went. Pushing up the Battenkill to the head waters of Otter Creek, they skirted this to the foot of Sutherland Falls, there halloving out a tree for a canoe they launched it, loaded it, and lading their cart to its stern, away they went paddling and floating down a stream which

never before had been, which never since has been, ploughed by such an unfeigned craft. Only once, Dr. Merrill says, did the wheels track bottomless as to roll on their axle, and yet we call such a stream as that, a Creek and this little babbling tributary down here at our feet, we grandly quonily style, a River. Dumping the hideous Chipman at what is now our "three-mile Bridge," the charrifbers pursued their way to Vergennes. Oldman made his "patch" on the spot where you stand and that summer ten acres of stalwart monarchs of the wood fell under his blows and those of a colored gentleman who assisted him and one Duski Vallance who had pitched his tent over in Addison.

That wasn't an effeminate soul which that boy of twenty-two had in him, it wasn't a woman's work that he was doing. There wasn't a white face within a half, nay, a full, score miles of him, save when his friend Vallance came over to exchange words with him, belted in with woods, endless woods that crowded down around his narrow ring of a clearing, trusting to his rod and his rifle for protection, here he struck blow after blow, blow after blow, writing John Chipman, his mark, all over those acres of his. What a Chip-man he was that summer if never again! How the flying, the leaping, the prowling denizens of the forest around him must have stopped and listened to his ringing, echoing strokes and then run near and nearer to watch and wonder at this strange intruder who was valiantly cutting through a window to let God's sunlight in upon their dark habitations! How many a song and twitter and chatter was cut short and the affrighted bush of silence settled down upon bird and beast within hearing, as gash blazed gash at the centre, and those colossal, century-sickened forms came thundering to the ground!

I tell you, Ladies and Gentlemen, one of the three biggest things Americans have done on this Continent of ours, since 1820, has been this leveling to earth of the forest that stretched from St. Croix away around beyond the St. Lawrence, covering everything, save here the ribbon of a River and there the patch of a Lake or a Prairie, from the Great Lakes on the North to the greater Gulf on the South. Men who have prairied the woods, subined and made tractable the soil on which it stood, have always had easy work when

entire families have scuttled or lost of the same household have risen up within. How is it, then, that while bows and arrows, spears and rifles, hoes and spades, ploughs and sickles, are blazoned, some upon many, and some upon more, of the Seals of the thirty-six States of our Union only upon one, and that of a Prairie State that never used it, is an Axe to be found, a nobler instrument than them all, I wonder, because an earlier and more necessary, of an older history, from time immemorial to the days of gunpowder a weapon of warfare in the Old World and still so with the Indian of the New, swung by crossing Knight and invading Cavalier, grandly significant in the sacrificial ceremonies of Jew and Greek and Roman, bound up even with the Piazza and bazaar before the Roman Magistrate as a badge of authority, in our own day dedicated to a higher use, that of clearing the way for towns and cities and all the blessed institutions attendant of civilized society, validating even the Plough which opens the earth for the seed whose harvest is to feed the hungry swarming millions. The Pioneer swinging his Axe, the emblem and motor of civilization in this Western World, at least, takes rank, in my regard—how is it in yours?—with the Soldier whose musket defends or releases the country which his foreman and compeer has opened up for the hearthstone-life protects. All honor, then, to those brave, hardy, toiling few who throw themselves forward in the van of crowding populations, the skirmish-line, the picket-guard of lagging civilization, doing lusty duty against lusty foes with the American weapon—the Axe.

Having made the "sign manual" I have mentioned upon his grant and thus secured it, John Chipman returned that autumn, to Salisbury, Conn. Some two or three years later he married a Miss Douglass, who died shortly after leaving him a daughter. In 1772 he married at his second and last wife, Sarah Washburn, of as good a stock as he—self Connecticut could hardly have turned out better than either—daughter of Abisha Washburn, and at her marriage nineteen years of age.

The next spring, the spring of 1773, he returned to Middlebury, and pitched upon this his old lot, whose ten acre clearing was

again emerged, bringing along with him General Painter—Judge Painter of later days—who had married one of his sisters and who became a large property-holder in town and a bounteous donor to the College, after whom one of our College buildings was named, and who thirteen years—sixty years longer than any successor—represented Middlebury in the State Legislature. A log cabin was built upon the farm of Painter, who had made his "pitch" over yester cast of the centre road leading to Salisbury, their families presently came on, and Chipman built his cabin on yester knoll which seven years before he had cleared; the Smallays, Stevens, Owens, and Hydes moved into town and from that summer the summer of 1773, Middlebury dates its settlement. From 1786, Middlebury dates the first clearing made within the town limits. It is this we are commemorating to-day.

But these were those troublous days just prior to the American Revolution. The true colonial idea had everywhere taken root in men's minds, viz.: that the colony is but a child going out to a new house, receiving help, if need be, for a time, but with an undoubted looking, even from the beginning, to future separation and independence in the fulness of time. This idea was strengthened by the tyranny of the British Parliament, by the folly of George III., by the thousand leagues of cruelness that ruled between mother and child. In 1775, only two years after the return of Chipman and the advent of these families into town, this idea took practical development at Lexington, at Bunker Hill, at Boston, in the expedition of Arnold through the wilds of Maine, in the taking of Ticonderoga and in the co-operation of Montgomery, via Lake Champlain, Montreal and St. Lawrence, with Arnold under the freezing walls of Quebec.

At the first gasp of the Revolution, Chipman threw down his axe and shouldered his musket. Leaving his family here he, with Seth Warner and Remondar Baker, joined Ethan Allen—Vermont's tried of historic names; they had all ther been townsmen together in Salisbury, Conn.—and was present as a volunteer when Allen, in the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress, (Powers terrible to the Commandant but having little temper-

to him) joined the boys of Tiendorega. The obstinate retreat in the spring of 1776, up Lake Champlain to Crown Point and Tiendorega, of the American force under the brilliant but reckless Arnold after the disaster at Quebec, left the Valley of Champlain exposed to the invasions and depredations of the British and allied Indians. This exposure was made more complete and the danger more imminent by the total sweeping of our forces from the Lake and the capture of Tiendorega itself by Burgoyne, in the summer following—that of 1777. Whether it was this summer or the summer previous I cannot affirm—Dr. Merrill says 1776, but Judge Swift, the painstaking historiographer of Middlebury, shakes his head incredulously—probably it was during both those years that the twenty-one families who had established themselves within the present bounds of our town, were making their Hiegs out of it, the Indians frequently lurking in search of booty, at one end of a settler's farm as its owner was making his escape at the other. Fire and sword desolated this beautiful Valley of Otter Creek, but not till every colonist save Daniel Fost, Benj. Smalley and the celebrated Widow Story, afterwards Mrs. Stanley, had fled. Almost everything that fire would burn or the hatchet, bow, was destroyed. Yonder, in full view, is a barn of Chapman's erection, that like its owner defied both. Too green for the one, its timbers too massive for the other, with scars of both upon it to this day to attest its ordeal and its victory, there it stands, the oldest building in town, good till the year of our Lord 2000, at least.

I think it must have been in the summer of 1778, that John Chapman, getting leave of absence from his regiment, returned to Middlebury, reaching his house by night. Borrowing into yester-morn, he hauled so much of his furniture as he wouldn't carry away with him—much of this built to last, is still in use among his grandchildren—and transporting the remainder to the bank of Otter Creek, he and a neighbor or two, probably Painter among them, lashed together two or three light dug-outs, and hauling their little all into them, paddled in the dead of night, to the falls of our Village below. Carrying their boats and the laden around the successive cataracts, they cautiously, wretchedly worked their

way down through the mouth of the River, out into the Lake and then beat up under the protecting guns of old Ticonderoga. Every preparation was taken to guard against surprise from the Indians that filled the woods and haunted the River. The ears were muffled, a favorite dog was killed before starting, lest his yelp might betray the expedition, the journey was made by night and made, too, not up the Creek, away from the enemy, but down the Creek, through the enemy. The precious freight of wives and children was aboard, Indian rifles, masked by the darkness of the night and the protecting shadow of the trees that lined the River, might have opened upon them at any moment, but they floated, thank God, through danger, out of danger—the very boldness of the enterprise, an enterprise characteristic of John Chipman, was its safety.

I wish I could tell you more than the little I know, than any one now living knows, of this doughty Soldier of the Revolution, during those long years of ordeal—those that “tried man’s soul.” Strangely oblivious of self, caring only to advance the great cause that engaged them, seemingly aware that their work was not for themselves or for us—a go, but for all that, moved to heroic deeds by no anticipation of the honor that children and children’s children to latest posterity, would delight to pay them, all those beneath the notice of a Bancroft, a Sparks, or an Irving, have come down to us with but the boldest, meagrest records of their exploits and services preserved by themselves; and the annals of the Revolution didn’t swarm, as did ours of the Rebellion, with gaudy correspondents catching at every crumb of achievement, entering to a hungry public outside through the myriad columns of a myriad press, inviting to adventure by the certainty that the next morning’s papers would blazon to the four winds, a full, minute account of it.

What I do know is that Chipman must have done his duty bravely and done it well. Let me read you from Swift’s History of Middlebury, in Chipman’s own words, his brief record. The original manuscript, in the possession of his daughter, I saw not a month ago:—

“I turned out at the commencement of the war, as a volunteer with

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Colonel Ethan Allen, in the spring of 1775, to take Ticonderoga and Crown Point. In May or June I received a second Lieutenant's Commission in Capt. Thrall's company, Col. Seth Warner's regiment, went into Canada, and was at the taking of St. Johns and Montreal, was discharged at Montreal, and returned home the first part of December. In the summer of 1776, I received a first Lieutenant's commission in Capt. French's company, Seth Warner's regiment, and joined the army at Ticonderoga, in March, 1777. I was in the retreat of the army, and was in the battle of Hubbardton. I was also in the battle of Bennington, as called, on the 16th of August of that year, and was at Saratoga at the taking of Burgoyne in October. We were ordered to Fort Edward and Fort George in 1778 and 1779. I was promoted to a captain, and served in that capacity until October 1780, when I was taken prisoner at Fort George. I remained in the situation until the summer of 1781, when I was exchanged and remained a sergeant-major until the close of the war."

Entering, you see, as a volunteer, he became 2d Lieutenant, 1st Lieutenant, Captain, and in 1781, was raised to the rank of Major. He had command of Fort Edward and afterwards of Fort George. Overwhelmed by numbers, he was obliged, after a desperate defense, to surrender this latter place, as he tells you, in October, 1780. On coming forward begrimed with dust and powder smoke, to deliver up himself and his forces, a British officer insultingly asked, "And who are you?" Drawing himself up to his tallest, "A gentleman, Sir!" was his quick, stinging reply. I omit, as an unnecessary Grecian, the strengthening portion he used.

His orderly book, kept while in command of these two places, I will here in my hand. I could assure you by reading you some orders he issued. It was an iron discipline, in those critical times when the Lake and woods swarmed with enemies, he found it necessary to maintain, and he maintained it. Listen to these,—

"No non-commissioned officer or soldier is to shoot more than one hundred rods from this garrison without leave from his officer."

"No gun is to be fired on any pretense whatever except at the enemy."

"No non-commissioned officer or soldier is to cut or destroy, or make use of any boards in or about the garrison without leave of the Quartermaster."

For keeping the dog of Lord Rokeby, and compensating himself

when called at and struck by the owner, by saying that Bass had often done the same by his dog, one Dr. Prudie was condemned at court martial, to receive on his knees a severe reprimand from the commanding officer.

It was an old-fashioned discipline, too. Listen to this:—

"The Court sat, and being sworn, proceeded to the trial of Mathew Bragdon for refusing to do his duty. The Court sentenced him to receive Sixty Lashes on the naked back, well laid on, and then to be put in irons and sent to Albany."

We of a century later, a century nearer the millennium, have attained that pitch of goodness, in the family and out of it, that, of course, the use of the rod or its equivalent, the lash, seems both barbaric and brutal! How they missed it in not living in our day!

With the close of the war, Major Chipman again moved to this his old home. Four of his five children by his second wife were already born. Two had died. One only, the youngest and now the only survivor, born in 1794, in the log cabin on the knoll, is here with us to-day.

He was prospered, prosperous, died out of his log cabin, built a brick house over himself just a few steps east of the white one yonder, occupied by Mr. Seeley—this house burnt down while Wm. T. Ripley owned the place—his rich acres brought him in abundant harvests, he lived comfortably, even luxuriously for those days, far and wide he was known a hospitable, courteous gentleman, his house became a favorite resort for friends all over the State, parties from the Village frequently visited him, the beautiful red leading Miller on the bank of the Otter Creek, far prettier formerly than now, I am told, Judge Swift says was not inappropriately named Love Lane.

These were the years when some of you before me knew him and now recall him. No words of mine, I feel assured, can color the picture of him and his surroundings you held in memory.

These were the years, too, when his worth was acknowledged, when such modest honors as lie in the gift of neighbors and townsmen, were bestowed upon him. He was Moderator at your town-meetings, was Selectman for years and held other offices of town trust.

He was High Sheriff of the County from 1789 to 1801—days when Sheriffs wore swords and, far nought I know, Judges, as in England, wore wigs.

He was old to the first Governor of Vermont Governor Chittenden, a man whose honest and often didn't visit his simplicity of taste, whose wife was to the last, a fond breeder of poultry. This story is told of her that a Mr. Chase, a magnate in the State, calling one day upon the Governor, and entering through the kitchen was earnestly besought by Her Excellency not to tread on the goslings. "Goslings! Goslings!" cried the indignant visitor, "I thought I was in the Governor's house and not in a damned goosepen!"

Major Chipman was a man, now to be Grand Master of the State. His daughter, Mrs. Loring, present to-day, tells me she remembers riding over quite a portion of the Connecticut Valley with her father while founding lodges and discharging his other official duties.

Now, let me be just, to day, of what Major, Col. Chipman did and because I feel assured was due to Miss Chipman—and he isn't the first man nor the last that owes such a debt to his wife—one of the best of wives and women, faithful to her place and relation from her marriage in 1772 till her death in 1810. Her father, Albin Washburn, a native of Salisbury, Conn., afterwards a resident of Middlebury, living on what is, I think, still the farm of Smith K. Seeley, was a founder, and cast cannon during the Revolution and in aid of it. A neighbor of his coming into his furnace one day asked him, "Mr. Washburn, which fire do think is the hottest, this one here in the forge, or that fed by the Devil in the regions below?" (that place that begins with an aspirate and ends with a liquid, you know what I mean). "Jump in, sir, jump in and you can try them both in half a minute!" was his instant response.

His daughter Sarah, wife of our Col. Chipman, was, as I have intimated, a woman of remarkable character. Thrifty, economical, managing, a "woman of faculty," as we say in New England, cheerful, patient, industrious, energetic, and of unusual intelligence she was a helpmeet in the truest sense of the word.

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She had the courage of a Spartan woman, of that one, who when her son, wounded in battle and impaling in his gut, complained of his fate, replied, "Do not grieve, my son, for at every step of yours you will give proof of your unexampled valor."

Through much of that painful struggle for Independence she shared her husband's dangers and privations, and with her oldest child, then seven, afterwards Mrs. John Rogers, was present with him when Fort George was surrendered. Horribly besought by the other women of the Post to go below (out of danger during the siege,) she steadily refused, saying that if taken at all she would be "taken above ground."

Her unequalled nerve and presence of mind are illustrated in the following incident. Scratching one night in the dark hole of her log cabin for an article she wanted, the half-inch end of her tailor candle fell out of its socket in the candle-stick and, as if by miracle, turned a complete somersault and stood blazing end up, in the top of an unopened bag of powder. With a coolness that positively staggers belief, she drew back, gave a single look and a single thought, then stooped, cautiously had hold of the burning stick, lifted it from the bag and neither scoured nor fainted in the act that saved herself, her children, her husband and her cabin from instant destruction. If there are fire within my hearing who could do that deed will they please step forward upon the platform.

She was a woman of great good nature, too, could appreciate a joke, and once upon a time, perpetrated one that has come down to us. A pompous, all-sufficient, self-sufficient, insufferable youth was too anxious to be taken into the masonic lodge, which then held its meetings at Grand Master's—Col. Chipman's. He came at dusk and sat down in the kitchen awaiting his summons to the appointed room. Mrs. Chipman quietly placed the griddle on the coals. It was after all meal hour, the candidate for masonic honors was not a little distended all over, perhaps, by the proceeding, and sat eying the griddle which, in turn, eyed the candidate. You've seen a turkey in the hay-field look into the open mouth of the far-

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mer's jug, and the jug gapes back into the eye of the turkey, haven't you? That's the scene I want you to recall or imagine. At last he ventured to ask the use to which the heating iron was to be put. Mrs. Chipman quietly replied that an aspirant for immortality was, that evening, to be initiated into the fraternity and her husband had requested her to have all the implements ready. The kitchen door suddenly opened, out bolted the collapsed youth—he didn't "rule the goat" that evening, I suspect he never did at Mrs. Chipman's house.

For thirty-eight years she was Col. Chipman's devoted wife and constant companion even when occasionally parted from him by the vicissitudes of the war. She died in 1810, aged fifty-seven, he nineteen years later, aged eighty-five. They sleep in yonder burial place, side by side, as they had lived. The prayer uttered at their graves half a century ago let us echo to-day—*Requiescat in pace.*

Col. John Chipman, cousin of Nathaniel Chipman, the great Jurist of Vermont, who, as is confessed by the Bar and Bench through the State, more than any other man shaped the jurisprudence of our nascent Commonwealth; cousin of Daniel Chipman, the accomplished Lawyer and Legislator, twelve years State Representative from Middlebury, two or three times Speaker of the House which then, and till 1836, comprised the whole of the Legislature, the Senate having that year been created, largely, too, through Daniel Chipman's influence; uncle of Wm. Sweetland Foy, of Plattsburgh, N. Y., for many years the acknowledged leader of the Clinton County Bar—Col. Chipman I repeat, allied thus to Gentlemen, was himself a Gentleman, and a Gentleman of what we delight, now-a-days, to call, "*the Old School*."

Just what do I mean by that phrase, Gentleman of the Old School, does some young friend ask? This—not that he was what in just despatch you call an old fogy, forever blocking the wheels of social progress by his inertia, or by positive resistance, but that while progressive he wouldn't dismember himself and society of all esteemed good that he and they might advance the faster—that's the notion of progressive men entitain. It means that he believed

in ideas and not so much in an idea and hence wanted more than one in his inventory, wasn't a babbler, a fanatic, a cogged wheel with only one tooth in the circumference; that while he didn't keep aloof from anything new simply because it was new, he didn't reject what was old and tried and true simply because it was old, wouldn't breathe pure oxygen to-day, just because he had labelled oxygen and nitrogen in the proportion of common air, yesterday, wouldn't advocate walking henceforth on our heads because hitherto the world has but jogged along afoot; that he didn't suppose Nature had done her biggest and her best work when she produced him, that civilisation had come to its perfect flower to his day, that he lived in the focus of all possible light, that previous ages of the world might be labelled barbaric and laid away for the curious antiquarian only.

That phrase means that while Col. Chapman was a Democrat, fought long years to free his country from aristocratic rule, was one of the people, believed in the people, he wouldn't prove or publish his Democracy by going to church or into his parlor in his shirt-sleeves, insulting all the dignitaries, putting his heel upon all the lady elegances; had he lived in our day wouldn't permit in eating with an iron knife if a silver fork lay by him, and yet wouldn't starve rather than use the knife.

A man is none the worse a man, perhaps, for riding through town in a cart, eschewing a neck-tie, letting his above peep through to the light, combing his hair, even on Sunday, by running his fingers through it, but he's none the better for those eccentricities which some of our modern demagogues, would-be gentlemen, affect. That's the point. Just make him believe that, blind him of the illusion that in this way he is showing a mind raised above trifles and is identifying himself with the great of history, and he'll dress and behave like other people. The greatest pride in the world is the pride of having no pride at all. That's the boasting weakness of the American people, that, superlatively, is Andy Johnson's.

The epithet I have applied to Col. Chapman means that he was a man of honor and honored by all who knew him, that he would rather be on the side of right than have right on his side, that he

wouldn't send shoddy to the Government, water his milk, and his sugar or oil his wool, that his word was law, given to be observed and not to quiet a clamorous creditor, that he didn't need an office to make him a gentleman, or a gig to make him respectable, that if in office he wouldn't betray an itching palm, wouldn't look upon the Government as a public goose exposed to be plucked by public officials and be the best fitter who from the pickings feathered his nest the softest, that a railroad pass wouldn't have bought him to the support of a monopoly or a corporation to the damage of the people's interests; he wouldn't have talked so grandly to his constituents, dabbing them the sovereign people and himself their humble servant when he meant just the reverse of this; all honest before election, showing his enormous respect for you by behaving as if he had none for himself, and afterwards passing you without recognition or touch-causing you a single finger if compelled to face you.

Such was not John Chiparus of the old school, if it pictures at all a gentleman of the modern school let it be a picture of what we are to abhor, not copy—a scare-crow, if you please, to warn us off the field.

Courteous, hospitable, kind-hearted, affable, uniformly cheerful, of debonair feeling, good breeding, and culture, immensely just and infinitely honest, he was fitted to command esteem, and he commanded it.

Strong, of a full figure, muscular, put together not large—large, compact head, of the medium height, of commanding presence, plucky, of an iron will and endurance, he was made to last and he lasted. It isn't often that Soldiers and Pioneers whose common experience is hardships that break down ordinary men, live to health and vigor to four score years and five. It is stern spoken stuff they are made of when, without flinching or flinching, they do such work as well and do it so long.

We do well, to-day, Ladies and Gentlemen, to look after us as well as before, to honor such heroes, heroes unusing, unbalkedined, but all the warlike, it may be, for that, heroes who fight with brutal love of the work, not for the glory of the achievement, the fame of the thing, but from sheer love of country and liberty,

heroes who are the Herkis and Pioneers of civilization, who, are in hand, engrave, if need be, to charted townships in the wilderness, do stalwart labor in transmuting naked forests to green meadows and golden fields, heroes not of such rough natures and uncultured tempers as the from new-born settlement to settlement, too savage for the homelying influence of society, and too lawless ever on no oaks to sit, but heroes content to do this rugged, terrible pioneer work if only out of it shall spring a cultivated and a Christianized civilization.

We, of Middlebury, Ladies and Gentlemen, can afford, if any there could, to honor the first Pioneer. Of all this town during the last one hundred years has done, done through the many sons and daughters she has reared and the greater number she has educated, done through her cultivated Society, her Bar, her Ministry, her Statesmen and Legislators, her College, her Seminary, and her Press, done in manufactures, in trade, in agriculture and stock-culture, done for herself, for the State, for the country, yea, for the world—can any of you compute for me how much of all this is due to the man, who, one hundred years ago, struck here the first blow, planted here the first seeds of a civilization which more than half a century he ceaselessly watched and watered till, in his old age, he saw it bearing fruit that cheered his heart into forgetfulness of all the toil it had cost him?

But overshadowed by the day, a day that henceforth shall stand in the American calendar and bear, as signifying two matchless events, twin in nature, though parted by eighty-nine years of space, namely, the first and second births of the nation, a birth into Life and a birth into Liberty, a birth of generations and a birth of regeneration—diminished by the day and instructed by the teachings of the time, let me, in closing, consecrate this occasion to a higher purpose than any I have yet made it observe. And herein, bear me witness, I do the occasion no violence, but I magnify and honor it.

I confess that at the opening of our recent struggle the fact that the North were a floating, unsettled, migratory people, in the changing state of flux and flow gave us no little uneasiness and alarm. Patriotism is a love of country; it seemed to me then and it seems

To me now, that a man has no country who has not in it as his own—somewhere, some spot he loves more than another, than all others, which to him is home, the Mecca of his thoughts, the Pale Star of his wanderings, and without which he can have but little genuine patriotism. The French, I grant you, fight bravely from sheer love of glory, whether the cause be right or wrong; our soldiers fought, you all know how, from an insuperable conviction of the righteousness of their cause—it isn't the rank and file of every nation's armies that has intellectual and moral culture sufficient to appreciate such a motive—but I tell you, and I know what I am saying, a nation never is expressly secure until it supersedes to every other motive for defense and just attack, that bulwark of England's security—an unifying love among her people for the soil, for localities, each for some spot he has inherited or has adopted and to which he has rooted himself like an oak. You can have no love for your country which you have not, which to you is an abstraction, unless you love your State, your town, your home, which to you are concrete entities.

Patriotism like charity begins at home if it doesn't end there. That old Quine, Diogenes, crawling out of his tub, thought he said a smart thing once upon a time when, asked of what nation he was, he replied, coining the word for his miserable nest, "I'm a cosmopolitan," but with the Boys, I'm obliged to confess "I can't see it." With Nelson I hope he tried to bewail his abjection of country.

I don't ask you for the excuse that it is said the smallest town in Massachusetts exhibits, which spelling its own name H-o-l-l, Hull, spells and possesses in the same way, the last word of Poco's celebrated line—"All are but parts of one stupendous whole." I don't plead even for the self-complacency of Boston, the hub of New England, and the would-be hub of the Universe, but I ask you isn't it time to do what you may be wiping out the reproach others, and Vermonters, too, cast upon the State when they say that it is a good State to be born in and migrate from? People somehow seem to think that because Vermont's elevation above the sea and her altitude in most moral and intellectual things, are higher than that of her neighbors and sisters, that therefore her men and

women, her sons and her daughters, like her water, west all drain off, till full the seaboard cities of the East and settle in the prairie pools of the West.

I call upon you, Vermonters, to flout upon everything this occasion offers, similar occasions offer, (and I rejoice that towns all about us and through the State are awakening to the importance of these Centennial Celebrations) which shall strengthen your attachment to localities. Root yourselves, Vermonters, root yourselves, Middlesexians. Stay here at the East and in one place long enough to ask and answer the question whether or not you like it and it likes you. Baptize the spot you have chosen with your tears and with your sweat. Make it redolent of yourself, permeate it, pervade it yourself. Identify its interests and those of your township with with your own. Discharge your duties to your township as to your country, it stands to you as a miniature representation of your country, discharge them as to yourself. Fructify that spot with your labors, enrich it with associations, steep it in memory, vitalize it in every part by putting your own life into it; like the fabled mandrake, let it lacerate you to be torn from it, if your country's invader strikes spot lots that nod! let it bleed as with your blood, then when great national crises come, as come they must and come they will for every country, this your indomitable attachment to her soil shall supplement and intensify all other interests and agitations that move you to the field and marshal you into aerial ranks for her triumphant defense.

P O E M

BY

MRS. JULIA C. R. DORR.^{1}}

O Mighty Present! from our souls to-day
Unless thy grasp a little while, we pray;—
Nor known that now upon another's shrine,
We lay the wains wreaths so lately thine.
We are not fickle, though it is not long
Since with glad harmony, triumphant song
Proclaimed thou monarch—crowned thou kingliest king—
Lord of the ages—mightiest and best
Of the dead years that in their pallid vest
Sleep undisturbed, though loath our phantas ring!
We are not fickle. Good, heroic, true,
Faithful and brave thine earnest work to do,
O glorious Present! we rejoice in thee,
Thou noble nurse of great deeds yet to be!
Hast thou not shown us that our mother Earth
Still, in exultant joy, gives happy birth?
Do not the old romances that our youth
Revered and honored as the tracer truth,
Grow pale and dim before the facts sublime
Thy pen has written on the scroll of Time?

Ah! never yet did poet's tongue,
Through like a silver bell it rang,
Or ministered, o'er his sounding lyre,

Breathing the old, prophetic fire,
 Or bolder, in the storied walls
 Of Scotia's proud broodhall halls—
 Where mail-clad men with sword and spear,
 Warlike strained the song to hear,
 That through the stormy midnight hour,
 But held them in its spell of power—
 Ah ! never yet did they rehearse
 In flowing rhyme or stately verse,
 The praise of deeds more nobly done,
 Or tell of fields more grandly won !

We lead thee, we praise thee, we bless thee to-day !
 At thy feet, lowly bending, glad homage we pay !
 Thou hast taught us that men are as brave as of yore ;
 That the day of great deeds and great thought is not o'er ;
 That the courage undimmed, the far-reaching faith,
 The strength that unbroken looks calmly on death,
 The self-abnegation that hastens to lay
 Its all on the altar have not passed away.
 Thou hast taught us that "country" is more than a name ;
 That honor unsullied is better than fame ;
 Thou hast proved that while man can still battle for truth,
 Even boyhood can give up the promise of youth,
 And yielding his life with a smile and a sigh,
 Say " 'Tis sweet for my God and my country to die !" O heart-smiting Present, thy sons have gone down,
 To the night of the grave in their day of renown !
 Thy daughters have watched by the hearthstone in vain,
 For the loved and the lost that returned not again.
 No Spartans were they—yet mild tears falling fast,
 Their faith and their patience endured to the last ;
 And God gave them strength to their kindred to say
 " Go ye forth to the fight, while we labor and pray !" Thou hast opened thy coffers on land and on sea,
 And broad-handed Charity, noble and free,
 Has lavished thy bounties on friend and on foe,

Like the rain, that descending falls softly and slow
 On the just and unjust, and never may know
 The one from the other. When thy story is told
 By some age that looks backward and calls thee "the old,"
 It shall penite its ages, all great as thou art,
 To tell which was greatest, thy head or thy heart !

Mighty words thy lips have spoken—
 Strongest fetters thou hast broken—
 And in tones like those of thunder,
 When the clouds are rent asunder,
 Thou hast made the Nations hear thee—
 Thou hast made the Tyrants fear thee—
 And our hearts to-day proclaim thee,
 As they oft have done before,
 Fit to lead the glorious legions
 Of the glorious days of yore !
 Yet still, we pray thee, veil awhile
 Thy splendor from our darded eyes
 And hide the glory of thy smile,
 Lest our souls wake to dire surprise !
 Bear with us while our feet to-day
 Retrace a dim and shadowy way,
 In search of what it well may be,
 Shall help to make us wiser than !

And now, O spirit of the Past, draw near,
 And let us feel thy blessed presence here !
 With reverent hearts and voices hushed and low,
 We wait to hear thy garments' rustling flow !
 From all the conflicts of our busy life,
 From all its bitter and exalting strife,
 Its anger yearnings and its wild tempests,
 Its cares, its joys, its sorrows and its toils,
 Its aspirations that too often seem
 Like the remembered phantoms of a dream,
 We turn aside. This hour is thine alone,

And none shall share the grandeur of thy thrones.
 Ah ! thou art here ! Beneath these whispering trees,
 Thy breath floats softly on the passing breeze ;
 We feel the presence that we cannot see,
 And every moment draws us nearer thee.
 Could we but see thee, with thy solemn eyes
 In whose rare depths such wondrous meaning lies—
 Thy dark robes sweeping this enchanted ground—
 Thy midnight hair with purple plumes crowned—
 Thy lip so sultry sweet, thy brow serene !
 There is no expectation in thy mien,
 For thou hast done with dreams. Nor joy nor pain
 Can e'er disturb thy placid calm again.
 What is this veil that hides thee from our sight ?
 Breathe it away, thou spirit darkly bright !

It may not be ! Our eyes are dim,
 Perhaps with age, perhaps with tears ;
 We hear no more the choral hymn
 The angels sing among the spheres.
 Worn and weary and tempest-tossed,
 Much have we gained—and something lost—
 Senses in the sun-beams golden glow,
 The rippling brooklet's silvery flow,
 The song of bird or murmuring bee,
 The fragrant flower, the stately tree,
 The royal pomp of sunset skies,
 And all earth's varied harmonies,
 We saw and heard what never more
 Can Earth or Heaven to us restore,
 And felt a child's unquestioning faith
 In childhood's mystic love !

A hundred times the Summer's fragrant blooms
 Have laden all the air with sweet perfume—
 A hundred times along the mountain side,
 Autumn has flung his crimson banners wide—

A hundred times has kindly Winter spread
 His snowy mantle o'er the violet's bairn—
 A hundred times has Earth rejoiced to hear
 The Spring's light footsteps in the forest sere,
 Since on you grassy knoll the quick, sharp stroke
 Of the young woodman's axe the silence broke
 Not then did those encircling hills look down
 On quaint old farmhouse, or on steepled town,
 No church-spires pointed to the arching skies,
 No wandering lovers saw the moon arise ;
 No childhood laughter mingled with the song
 Of the fair Otter, as it flowed along
 As brightly then as now. Ah ! little recked
 The joyous river, when the sunshine basked
 Its dancing wavelets, that no human eye
 Gave it glad welcome as it frisked by !
 The long, uncounted years had come and gone,
 And it had still swept on, unseen, unknown,
 Riding its tides. No minstrel sang its praise,
 No poet named it in immortal lays.
 It played no part in legendary lore,
 And young Romance knew not its winding shore.

But in her own loveliness Nature is glad,—
 And little she cares for man's smile or his frown ;
 In the robes of her royalty still she is clad,
 Though his eye may behold not her aspiring or exorn'd !
 And over our beautiful Otter the trees
 Swayed lightly as now in the frolicsome bayso ;
 And the weak little violet lifted an eye,
 As blue as its own, to the laughing blue sky.

The hardbell trembled on its stem,
 Down where the rushing waters gleam,
 A saffron on the broidered hem
 Of some fair Maid of the streams,
 The buttercup, bright-eyed and bold,

Held up their chalices of gold
 To catch the sunshine and the dew,
 Gaily as those that bloom for you;
 And deep within the forest shade,
 Where broadest noon mere twilight made,
 Ten thousand small, sweet voices sung
 And tiny bells by Zephyrs rung
 Made droling music, till the day
 In solemn splendor died away.
 The woods were full of praise and prayer,
 Although no human tongue was there;
 For every Pine and Hemlock sang
 The grand cathedral voices among,
 And every flower that girded the sod
 Looked up and whispered "There are God."
 The birds sang as they sing to-day,
 A song of love and joy always.
 The brown Thrush from his golden throat
 Poured out its long, melodious note;
 The Pigeons cooed; the Veery threw
 Its mellow trill from spray to spray;
 The wild Night Hawk its trumpet blow,
 And the owl cried "tu whoo, tu whoo."

From set of sun to break of day,
 The Partridge reared her fearless brood
 Sooth in the darkling solitude,
 And the Bold Eagle built its nest
 High on the tall cliff's craggy crest,
 And often, when the still moonlight
 Made all the lonely valley bright,
 Down from the hills its throst to alow,
 The Deer trod softly through the banks;
 While far away the spotted Fawn
 Waited the coming of the dawn,
 And trembled when the Panther's scream
 Startled it from a troubled dream.

The Black Bear roamed the forest wide ;
 The fierce Wolf tracked the mountain side ;
 The Wild Cat's silent, stealthy tread
 Was, even then, a fear and dread ;
 The Red Fox barked — a strange, weird sound
 That woke the slumbering echoes round,
 And the burrowing Mink and Otter hid
 In their holes the tangled roots amid.
 Lords of their boundless domain,
 Of hill and dale, of mount and plain,
 The wild things dreamed not of the hour
 When they should own their Master's power.

But he came at last ! With a sturdy hand,
 And a voice of deep and stern command,
 And an eye that looked upon friend and foe
 With the spell of strength in its kindling glow ;
 With a stately presence, a mien that told
 That his heart was as true as it was bold,
 He came to his own and proclaimed his sway,
 And the frost fled from his glasses away !
 The joyful bar of the regions round,
 No golden circlet has foicedal crowned,
 But he wore his youth with a kingly grace,
 As he proudly stepped to his destined place,
 Never a royal couch had he,
 But he made his bed 'neath a greenwood tree,
 And a simple grub of hemapan brown
 Bound the bough young limb was folded down,
 Elliptically the days and the years sped on ;
 The tuft of his tail at length was worn —
 A home in the wilderness, fair and sweet,
 Where the hill and the winding river meet.
 Ah ! blest was he when the silent stars,
 Peering from out their cloudy bars,
 Looked down on the lowly cot that stood

Deep in the virgin solitude;
 And saw the cabin window gleam
 In the pleasant hearthfire's ruddy beam,
 While the children laughed, and the mother sang
 Till the walls with the merry music rang!

A hundred years! A century of change—
 A century of progress vast and strange?
 Ah! could the dust that under yonder sod
 Is patient hope await the voice of God,
 Wearing the laces of ruddy life again
 Come forth to mingle with its fellow men,
 How would the earnest, thoughtful, questioning eyes
 Find marvels everywhere! In earth and skies;
 On the broad sea, and where the prairies pour
 Their overflowing wealth from shore to shore;
 Where the Black Horses, with their eyes of fire,
 Scale the high mountains, panting with desire,
 Or thundering down the valleys, onward sweep
 With long, persistent strides from steep to steep?
 Where the tempest lightning hastes, with eager thrill,
 To do man's bidding, and perform his will,
 Or where their river, emerald banks between,
 Bears on its silver tide your "Valley Queen."

Yet could our voices reach the slumbering dead
 Who rest so calmly in your grass-grown bed,
 This truth would seem with greatest wonder fraught,—
 That they are *strangers* to our eyes and thought.
 For they were men who never dreamed of fame;
 They did not toil to make themselves a name;
 They little fancied that when years had passed,
 And the long century had died at last,
 Another age should make their graves a shrine,
 And humble chapels for their memory divine.
 They simply strove, as other men may strive,

Fall, earnest lives in sober strength to live;
 They did the duty nearest to their hand;
 Subdued wild nature as at God's command;
 Laid the broad arms open to the sun,
 And made fair homes in forests dark and dun;
 Built churches, founded schools, established law,
 Kindly and just and true to freedom's cause;
 Resisted wrong, and with stout hands and hearts,
 In war, as well as peace, played well their parts.
 Their men were brave; their women pure and true;
 Their sons abhorred no honest work to do;
 And while they dreamed no dreams of being great,
 They did great deeds, and conquered hostile Fate.

We laud them, we praise them, we bless them to-day;
 As their grasses, as their right, useful homage we pay!
 And the laurel-crowned Present comes humbly at last,
 And bends by our side at the shrine of the Past.
 With the hands that such burdens unshaking have borne,
 From the low weary ones have so furrowed and worn,
 She takes off the chaplet, and lays it with tears
 That she canst not to hide, at the feet of the Years.
 Hark! a breath of faint music, a murmur of song!
 A form of strange beauty is floating along
 On the soft summer air, and the Future draws near,
 With a light on her young face, unshadowed and clear.
 Two garlands she bears in the arms that not yet
 Have toiled 'neath the burden and heat of the day;
 Lo! both are of Amaranth, fragrant and wet
 With the dew of remembrance, and sadness alway.
 Oh! ye'll may we flush our vain babblings—and wait!
 He who meets the morn wears it sooner or late!
 On the bier of the Present, the grave of the Past,
 The wreaths they have earned shall rest surely at last!

APPENDIX.

The Middlebury Historical Society named the subject of a centennial celebration of the beginning made in Middlebury in 1763, at its annual meeting in December, 1863. An elaborate report was obtained in regard to the historical facts connected with the chartering and settlement of the town, and a committee appointed to confer with citizens in relation to a celebration. A meeting of citizens was called "in the early summer," a plan of celebration adopted, and a Committee of Twenty-Five citizens constituted to carry out the design.

The place at which the celebration was held is the border of a wooded ridge, overlooking from the South the point of the first clearing, where, on the bank of Middlebury River, the site of the first log cabin, and the handsome and spacious farm house a little beyond, with its grounds, were immediately in view. Beyond these, four miles to the North along the valley of Otter Creek, the public buildings at the village were conspicuous, Chapman's Hill, its land-mark, overlooking them at the rear. The morning salute for the day was fired from the summit of the "Hill" at sunrise, that given at noon from the place of the first log cabin.

The farm of John Chipman was the second in situation on Middlebury River, from where it enters Otter Creek. The official survey of the first division of lots in the township was made in part, at least, by Benjamin Snellley in the summer of 1763, and reported by him "with a plan" to the proprietors in Connecticut, at a meeting in December of that year. He occupied the first farm on

Middlebury River on his return as a settler in 1773, Chipman the second, on which his clearing had been made, Cornelius Painter the third, these being the three settlers of that first year of settlement. They being townsmen and neighbors at home, it is probable the location may have been chosen by the surveyor, at least, for himself, in 1768.

The farm was deeded by John Chipman to William Y. Ripley, February 11, 1829; by William Y. Ripley to Daniel Kelley, Dec. 17, 1830; by Daniel Kelley to Jonathan Sorley, Jr., Dec. 29, 1830. The house (of brick) built by Col. Chipman, was burned, after the sale to Mr. Ripley, and the present house, with its appendages, was built by him, and became thus, for six years of her childhood, the home of Mrs. J. C. R. Dorr, his daughter.

The number attending at the celebration, gathering from several towns on the national holiday, may have exceeded three thousand persons. They came by private conveyance, and numbers from the village on the little pleasure steamer "Valley Queen," built at Middlebury in 1866, carriages conveying passengers from the landing to the grounds. Upon the speaker's platform were the family representatives of the Plesser, including Mrs. Mary Loonis, widow of the late Horace Loonis, Esq., of Burlington, his daughter; Miss Alfred Brooks, of New York, daughter of Mrs. Loonis, and Mrs. Julia Rogers Cutler of Middlebury, his grand-daughter; Horace Loonis of Burlington, grandson of Mrs. Loonis, his great grandson, and Mrs. Professor Kellogg, daughter of Mrs. Cutler, his great-granddaughter.

The exercises were commenced with reading of a Psalm from "the old Family Bible;" and prayer, as noticed in the introduction. During this service, the noon salute was in progress. The hour from two to three o'clock was allotted for refreshments on the Picnic plan, imperfectly carried out to large an assemblage. The chairman called to order at the platform at three o'clock, but indications of a shower were already obvious, and time was allowed only for the remarks of invited guests and the reading of a portion of the letters appended below. A salvo for the sale of ice and other refreshments, with a view to the erection of a monument on the ground

of the first clearing, was successfully conducted by a committee of ladies and gentlemen in charge, and realized a profit of a hundred dollars for the fund.

LETTERS,

From Rev. Pliny H. White, President of the Vermont Historical Society, Ex Gov. Holley of Connecticut, &c.

Covington, Vt., June 20, 1858.

Dear Sir:—Your favor of the 26th has come to hand, and I hasten to reply. It would give me great pleasure to accept your invitation, and I would surely do so were I not prevented by a previous engagement. I have noticed with much interest the preparations that have been making for your Pioneer celebration. It is a tribute justly due to the memory of the men who struck the first blow for civilization in the midst of "the forest primeval" which overshadowed Middlebury a century ago. Those who now enjoy the rich, social, intellectual and religious advantages, which cluster around that favored spot, will be better prepared to appreciate their blessings, when they consider, as they will doubtless be led to do by the orator and the poet, the privations and hardness experienced by those who began to lay the foundations of many generations. Your meeting can hardly fail to be both pleasant and profitable, and I hope the good example you are setting may be followed by many other towns, and that thus a new and strong impulse may be given to the cause of local history in Vermont. I have requested George F. Houghton, Esq., one of the Secretaries of the Vermont Historical Society, to attend your celebration as a representative of the Society, and I hope it will be in his power to do so.

Yours truly, PLINY H. WHITE.

Lime Villa, Salisbury, Conn., June 26, 1858.

My Dear Sir:—Your letter of the 20th Inst., post-marked 21st, was received two day later than it should have been, having been directed to Salisbury instead of Lime Villa. An absence of several days caused a further delay in my reading it, so that it was opened only on the 24th. I have allowed two or three days to elapse before answering it, casting about to see if I could so arrange my affairs as to indulge myself in the visit you so kindly invite me to make. But I find I cannot. Nothing would have given me greater pleasure than a visit to a State whose early history is so closely connected with our own, and which had, among its earlier settlers, some noble men from my native town of Salisbury. We are always proud of the names of Chipman, Chittenden, Galusha, and Everts, and in a proper sense of the Allens, Ethan, Ira and

the elder brothers, and some others. When we boast of having given three Chief Justices to States of the Union, we include Chipman of Vermont with Chief Justice Spencer of New York, and Church of our own State. The house in which I had my birth was occupied by Ethan Allen, when he was connected with the iron foundry, or copper furnace here. It is a somewhat singular fact, that but one of the names I have mentioned above is emigrant to Vermont from Salisbury, is known here now, and that one is Everts. There are no Chittendens, (male,) Chipmans, Galushas, Washburns or Smallays amongst us. Allow me to offer for the occasion of your meeting, the following sentiment, the thought of a brief moment before the steam whistle summons me to lay aside pen and paper.

The State of Vermont.—It has honored itself and its associates in the Union from the day of its organization to the present hour. May the fire of its patriotism burn as brightly (and as steadily, through all the vicissitudes of its existence) as it has done in all its past history; then there will have been no disgrace of the banner of her star, and her example will be a perpetual incitement to true patriotism to all the existing, and all the prospective States of the Union.

Please write to the gentleman with whom you are associated, my thanks, and accept for yourself assurance, that your invitation would have been cordially accepted, did not engagements already existing prevent.

Believe me very truly, your friend, &c.,

A. H. HOLLOWAY.

Braintree, July 24, 1860.

Dear Sir:—Your favor of the 2d inst., was received by me too late to reply by return mail. I feel very grateful for your kind invitation on the 4th. Allow me to say that I most cordially approve of your proposed celebration, and tender you my sincere wishes for its success. I have a deep reverence for, and a near affinity to the generation that has preceded us, for we are their offspring. Out of it, as by birth, we have all sprung, not only physically, but intellectually, morally and religiously. I have no sympathy with any others in their indifference and contempt of a past generation. I say, honor the fathers, as we are commanded to honor our father and mother, and thus we may hope our days may be long in the goodly land which God in his Providence has given us.

Very truly yours,

E. JUNK.

Oswego, July 24, 1860.

Dear Sir:—I am glad to learn that the citizens of Middlebury

we to have a centennial celebration of the settlement of the town on the 4th of July, at the former residence of Col. John Chapman. It would give me great satisfaction to be present on that occasion. In my boyhood I resided for two years in the family of Col. Chapman. Fifty-nine years since I came to Middlebury and became a member of its family; have ever since resided near and continued my intimacy with the citizens of the town. Great have been the changes in that time. But one in that school district now remains of a numerous population then residing there. Often have I reflected on the characters of the early settlers of the town. Their physiognomy is strongly impressed on my memory. Never was there a town peopled with those who bore more strongly the marks of the true New England type. In physical development they were far above the standard of those who now occupy their places. Stalwart and vigorous in body and mind, honest in purpose, industrious and persevering in their habits, their integrity and social virtues will hardly be equalled by their worthy posterity. If space permitted I would gladly name fifty of the prominent citizens residing in the town at the time I entered it. I trust some one at your meeting will do more ample justice to the facts I have only hinted at.

There are many interesting incidents connected with the place you have chosen for your celebration. I will take the liberty to refer to one that may have passed from the memory of the surviving residents of that district. About one hundred rods south of the dwelling of Col. Chapman stood a majestic Elm tree. The road passed between this and the river, but near to each. Some of the wonder-workers of the time conceived the idea that Capt. Kidd had passed that way, and deposited a pot of money at the foot of the tree. This conclusion was verified by the mysterious workings of the crooked witch bane. I well recollect with what awe and stillness I passed that tree especially after the ground had been opened anew, which it was often during my residence on the farm, and rumor had it that more than once did a steel rod touch the silver treasure, but as often did it move from under it. If ever apprehended it has been kept a profound secret. That old tree like the deluded money-diggers has fallen and moldered to dust. I will conclude this communication by suggesting that the present generation can in no way so well discharge their obligations to a virtuous ancestry, as to compensate their noble deeds, their disinterested services, and their gigantic efforts to secure to themselves and their posterity peaceful and competent homes, as well as civil and religious freedom.

Yours very respectfully,

EARL CUSHMAN.